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CHRISTMAS
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DECEMBER, 1935

No. 2

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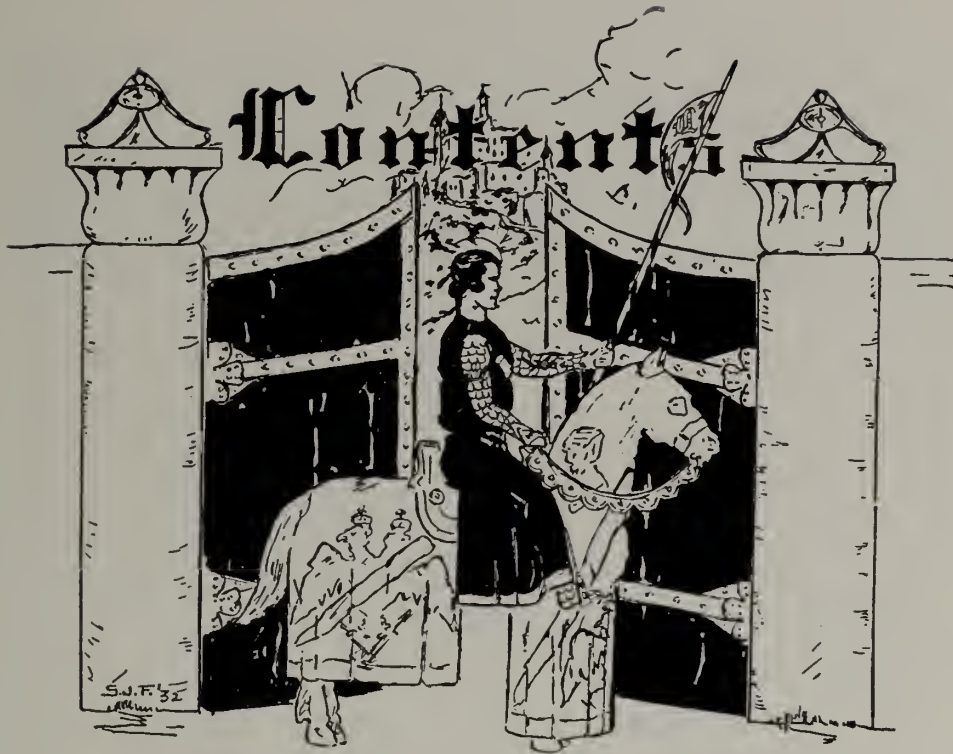


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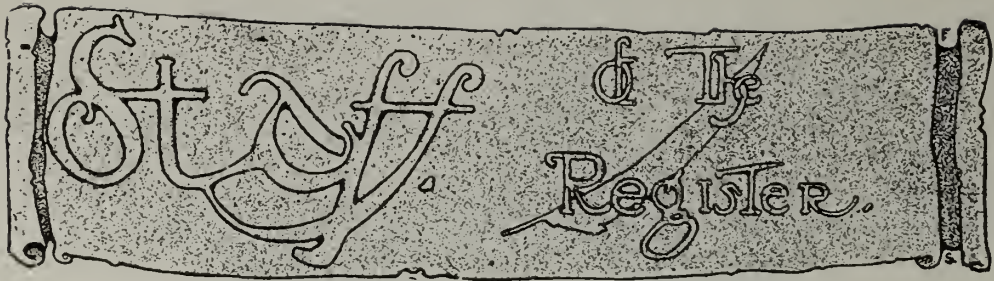
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MISTLETOE MEDITATIONS

The old, familiar strains of "peace on earth, good-will to men" will ring out this year to a world steeped in mistrust and melancholy. In the distance the dogs of war howl menacingly. On all sides appear the grim spectres of jealousy, greed, and hate. All, however, is dwarfed into insignificance as the Christmas spirit, battle-scarred and valiant, takes the stage for its annual holiday bow. . . .

Now that the festive days are approaching, we cannot refrain from a little moralizing. The first few months of this school year have passed quietly and quickly, leaving in their wake the annual toll of triumph and

tragedy. To the victorious, we give our congratulations; to the wounded, our sympathy. To both we address earnest exhortation and encouragement. Ahead lie new and perilous goals to be reached. Fret not, faint-hearted!

Christmas is one of the major crises of the school and adult year. A long and strenuous winter faces us. It would be well to bear that Christmas spirit in mind. One starry night centuries ago, its formula was discovered—the creation and enjoyment of the beautiful and the worthwhile. We can apply that to our school work as well as to other parts of our daily routine and, by improving ourselves, also better our studies.

Enough of that! *The Register* wishes one and all the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year ever!

A. C., '36.

FOUND IN THE RECORDS

Most pupils of other schools in this city seem to treat Latin School students with either respect or sympathy. Very few can imagine studying, in the same year, the works of Vergil and Ovid in Latin, and Homer in Greek. As for those who do study these authors, they consider themselves to be supermen and think they are overworked. Imagine, if you can, what people would think of the Latin School if the authors studied in 1870 were still the basis of Latin School education.

It was in that year that an experiment was tried which included in its first-class study such authors as Vergil, Cicero, Tacitus, Livy, Horace, Plautus, and Lucretius in Latin; and Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Aristophanes in Greek. Evidently believing that a substantial course of study was required in English, the seven men, all intelligent and cultivated gentlemen with the best interests of the city's education in mind, decided upon the following authors: Macaulay, Byron, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Bacon, and seven other equally difficult authors. In addition to the Latin, Greek, and English classics mentioned, ten other subjects were studied in Class One.

Perhaps you wonder how the twelve students who started this course ever finished it in six years. As a matter of fact, not one did graduate in 1876, the year which was intended for the completion of the course. Every one of the twelve either gave up the ship before that time or completed the entire course, of which the preceding few excerpts are just an example, previous to that time. When the originators of this schedule realized what they had asked the boys to do, they evidently became aware of their mistake, for the next year (1871) saw a modification both in the admission requirements and in the curriculum. It is generally believed that if there had been no change, the year 1877 would also have seen no graduating class.

Perhaps you may think that the foregoing lines are just the ravings of an overworked mind; but I assure you that they are facts, and a course which embraced all the authors previously mentioned was initiated as an experiment during the reign of Doctor Gardner as the Headmaster of Boston Latin School. However, as stated above, this course was only an experiment. The only radical difference between the course of that age and

that of the present era was that the order in which the certain authors were studied was changed. Ovid was studied in Class III, Vergil in Class II, and Cicero in Class I. So, as you labor night after night, remember that things might be worse.

In ending, let me ask you a question. Evidently the reputation of the Latin School has not been with it since its birth in 1635. At a dinner in 1877, Dr. Merrill, a Headmaster at Latin School, included in his speech the following sentences: "So far as scholarship is concerned, our institution has not been satisfactory. Will it ever be? Can it ever be?" What is your answer?

F. A. Regan, '37.

APPRECIATION

"In school the finest days of life are
spent;"

No other phrase has so oft been
declared,

And now that I approach the hated
end,

And suddenly this startling truth
is bared,

I pause; and look back on those happy
days,

Those friends, those ups and downs
throughout the years;

And as I view the parting of the
ways,

Each fond, old schoolboy memory
appears.

"In school the finest days of life are
spent;"

No truer words have ever been pro-
claimed.

I cannot say what this to you has
meant,

But greater joy shall ne'er by me
be claimed.

There are still happy days for us to
see:

Ambitions and careers before us
yet;

But who among us will so lofty be

Who all these carefree years can
e'er forget?

Thayer S. Warshaw, '36.

RAMBLER

It was early afternoon. I was passing through the park, which teemed with early summer flowers in gay colors. I sauntered past a bed of upright tulips and marveled at their beauty. This afternoon, I was the rambler. Indeed, the day lent itself most perfectly to my intentions. In among the maze of paths I threaded my way, hoping that one path at least would lead to the somewhat cooler area about the almost unfindable lake. I was fortunate. Lolling on benches, sleepy individuals sat open-shirted, content to let the merciless rays of the sun beat down on their exposed bodies. I watched with fascination as the sprinkler in the middle of the lake spouted refreshing, sparkling water in a semi-circle in all directions. However, being the rambler, I decided that the spout offered no tale, and turned to ferret out some prospect. I found him lolling on a bench, as indifferent and sleepy as the rest, although somewhat better clothed; but, as I approached, he straightened, presumably to allow me space to be seated.

"Sit down," he said softly. "Plenty of room for both of us."

"Thanks," I mumbled, and proceeded to fumble for some means of ingress to his talkative self. But, no; every time I attempted to strike up a conversation, he grunted in the affirmative or negative, and that was that. Each attempt I made seemed to annoy him just a bit more, but he managed to restrain his temper. For perhaps an hour I tried unsuccessfully, when I began to feel the shade drawing around us. I lingered until the last bit of light had disappeared over the trees and was about to leave

when he tugged at my elbow with his hand.

"D'ya know," he began, "there wuz one thing thet happened ter me thet changed my whole life." Just like that. His opening words might have surprised an ordinary listener. But I was no ordinary listener. Sensing that I had trapped my prey, I goaded him on with a few well-placed suggestions and words of my own, and soon he yielded an interesting story.

The fellow was about thirty-nine, clean-shaven, a former seaman, he told me; yet I fancied that he lacked the ruddy out-of-doors sturdiness of the sea. His speech was slow and deliberate, which suggested to me that he might be picking his words though slowly, yet as fast as he could manage.

"Back 'bout twelve 'r thirteen years, I shipped on a dumpy rigger, name Nancibell; port, Glasgow." He clipped his words short, and didn't elaborate too much on anything. "Way up the nawth coast of Ireland; if ye've ever been there, ye'll know jest how dang'rous the sea line is to shipping, with the rocks an' all. We come headlong into a nor'easter, so we never hit Scotland. Mister, a leaky tub is one swell place to keep off 'uv on stormy nights, espeshully up there. Well, anyway, a few uv us'n were lucky 'nuff to clear a lifeboat. The tub wuz takin' in water, an' ev'ry time the lightnin' flashed, we could see the hulk flounderin' closer an' closer to the water. There we wuz, holdin' onter oarlocks, an' ev'rything else th'r wuz ter hold onter. We jest clung there, wonderin' who'd be the next ter be chucked overboard. Well it got ter be pretty uncomfortable, jest hangin' there an' wonderin' when

it'd be my turn. I wuz wet to the skin an' my fingers wuz gettin' senseless on the ends of my hands, so thet I felt my grip slip away f'um the sides o' the tub."

The dauntless fellow continued, and I believe he was convincing himself as to the veracity of his tale at that moment.

"My hands wuz jest about givin' me up to the briny deep, when, plunko! the rain stopped! When the rain stops, that's a signal for Old Man Wind to shake out his coat-tails. He rips and tears around a bit, drivin' the tub straight to'rds a heap o' jagged rocks, an' I wuz sayin' the only prayer I knew over an' over ag'en fast as greased lightnin', and all of a sudden, jest when one o' them rocks wuz startin' me in the mug an' makin' ready to come in for a visit, the wind

stops down, an' the water slops along quiet as a mouse.

"Well, sir, I wuz purty well worn out. I pulled the tub 'long-side the crag, and put my feet on solid land ag'en, an' heaved my arms up, an' prayed all over ag'en, and laid down ter rest. Then I got up, looked about me, and said ter m'self, 'Harry,' . . . that's my first name . . . 'Harry, my boy, you are herewith done as a seaman.' An' since then, I am done as a seaman, an' I wouldn't ever think o' takin' up the trade ag'en."

I asked him how that experience had changed his whole life, excluding the fact that he had quit the sea. "O," he drawled, "I'm now master of English at Public School 68." That's when he straightened and looked dignified.

Norman A. Ober, '36.

ASSEMBLY DAZE

I had narrowly escaped having the pleasure of being tardy, and had dived into my seat just as the bell had rung, still in a gloomy daze from lack of sufficient sleep, when I was informed, to my unspeakable joy, that there would be "an assembly of Classes I, II, and III, B program, keep in single file." Joy—because here was the time I needed to rest and catch up on my slumber, and unspeakable, because I had run, breathless, all the way from the car-stop, the cause of my narrow escape due to my having stopped in at "Ye Olde Cafe" to spend several minutes and my last nickel on a dilapidated doughnut, (O tempora! O mores!) However, here I was trodding along at the end of the line to the hall, anticipating with inexpressible pleasure the soft, downy wooden

seats therein, with their cushion-like, hard-wood arm-rests, and the lazy perpendicular curve of their backs. Ah, what sweet bliss! Finally settling my fatigue-wracked body into the chair and murmuring, "Moses, but my bones are weary!" I slumped deep into the seat, after having successfully maneuvered my way down the row, tripping gently over an uncountable number of legs.

When all the weird noises and groans had subsided — there are others like me—I saw, with my blurry eye, the headmaster making his way to the rostrum, where he read from the Bible. At the end of the reading, the conglomeration of pupils came to its feet, amid the alternate creaking of their own joints and those of the seats, and repeated the

pledge, after which the assemblage once more retired. I had finally chosen a good position for my body, was blissfully closing my heavy-lidded eyes, and was preparing for a solid half-hour of repose, when there came from the front of the hall a succession of the most unearthly and terrifying, horrible and hair-raising noises I have ever heard! Jumping half-way out of my chair, I looked around with horror for the source of my disturbance, when, to my surprise, I saw a figure at the piano, pounding feverishly on the keys. So that was it! Oh, dark and deep-dyed villain, to disturb my peaceful sleep so! O vengeance, thou art sweet! (I happen to know the musician; no more shall I borrow peanut bars of him!) But this show of emotion did not relieve my tired feelings. For thus startled into attention, I no longer entertained fond thoughts of reclining in my chair and surrendering myself to the enveloping arms of Morpheus. Consequently, I sat up and listened with fury in my heart, revenge in my mind, and nothing in my stomach. Actually, however, the music was exceptionally good, for looking around, I observed that the same notes had lulled several hardier individuals into a serene unconsciousness. So perhaps I was a bit hasty.

At length the music died down, and either because the audience was spell-bound, or because it was forbidden (I don't know which), there was no applause. Only an incoherent grunt from my left-hand neighbor rewarded the pianist's labor. The rest of the procedure was all a bit hazy, due, of course, to my sleepy feeling. I do remember, however, remonstrances against walking on the streets of the Harvard Medical School, and opening

doors from the bottom without the janitor's consent, and evading payment of fares to boys who park their cars in the bicycle-room; also against sliding down the bannisters of southern staircases and not ringing lunch bells until 1:35 in Room 235, etc. Just as it was becoming interesting, however, the bell terminating the end of the hall period rang. So trained is my mind to bells, that I immediately jumped out of my chair and was about to fall out of the row, when a curt, authoritative "Siddown!" cheerfully greeted my ears. Without more ado, I "saddown", and the author of the exclamation promptly approached the row and gave me a short but snappy dissertation, ending with the word "block-head". Oh, well! At any rate, I remained motionless in my seat, determining never again to commit such a breach of etiquette, to say nothing of the rules of the school, when some forceful object came into direct contact with my shin-bone, while a disgusted voice hissed in my ear, "Say, wake up, will ya!" Simultaneously glancing up, rubbing my injured member, and rising, I stumbled out into the aisle with a sheepish grin, and was jostled out of the hall, to resolve, for the fiftieth time, never again to leave my rest period for an assembly. As I was again plodding my weary way along the corridor, there suddenly appeared at my side a class-mate, who shouted in my ear, "You know, I like those assemblies: they're so quiet, and it's a relief to hear some good music once in a while." Stopping short in my tracks, I shrieked, "Quiet! Good music!" and sank down senseless, (as usual) to the floor, being finally revived by the imprints of many feet on my tired body....

Thayer S. Warshaw, '36.

STAGE, SCREEN AND GALLERY

Sumner E. Turetzky, '36

Max Reinhardt's much ballyhooed "Midsummer Night's Dream" arrived recently, and it is gratifying to see that one picture has at last lived up to its announcements. Scenes of exquisite beauty abound, the music is very effectively arranged, the ballets are superb, and the characters are, for the most part, well cast. "Dick" Powell might be more at home in a night club scene; but Victor Jory's "Oberon", James Cagney's "Bottom", and Mickey Rooney's "Puck" are above reproach. One of the most breath-takingly beautiful of the scenes is the ballet of "The Flight of the Moonlight", which Nini Theilade, aided by the Nijinska ballet, executed almost sublimely. The only serious criticism that might be made is that the importance of humor was slightly over-emphasized; but the excruciating antics of Hugh Herbert, Joe E. Brown, and the rest will probably attract more customers. Here is one picture that should make motion picture history. It is utterly different from everything that has ever been filmed, excepting possibly "Peter Pan". It's a circus, yet it is Shakespeare, and contains some of the most beautiful scenes ever cast.

* * *

"Audioscopes" is the name of a novelty that is being filmed by M.G.M. It will use the third dimension for the first time, along with sound and color. Everyone remembers the stereoscope, which made post-card cuts stand out, as if extended back from the eyes; The audioscope will do the same for moving pictures, and the pop-eyed audi-

ence will see balloons released in the film and seemingly drift out and over their heads, while seltzer water will apparently be squirted right into their gaping mouths. One can get the effect of the third dimension by looking at somebody with one eye closed and then with both eyes open. One eye sees only a flat world, but two give it depth and reality. This is to be accomplished in the theatre by means of double-lensed cameras. If this process is a success, it will spell the doom of the old flat-type picture, for this should give the audience the most natural picture yet developed.

* * *

Currently gamboling across the local stage are Hume Cronyn and Henry Worell in what is reputed to be the most hilarious rough-house comedy in many years. The reference is to Holm and Abbott's "Three Men on a Horse." Since we haven't seen it ourself as yet, we hesitate to say anything definite, but it is reported to be rolling the audience into the aisles. It's going to be here for a long while, according to inside information, and should pile up immense receipts.

In direct contrast to this play was Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," recently revived by Eva LeGallienne and her repertory company. It was as gloomy a thing as we have yet seen, and very peculiarly written, with the exposition carried right through to the catastrophe, in the same manner as in the modern mystery story. The only redeeming features were the characterizations of Miss LeGallienne and Donald Cameron. If the play was a failure, the blame should not go to

the cast, who did a remarkably good job under the circumstances, but rather to the play itself, with its brooding, its flighty characterizations, and its strange lack of meaning. Good proof of that is found in the brilliant success of the other plays of the company, especially Miss LeGalliene's production of "Camille".

* * *

It is startling to see how faithfully the camera can copy the styles of certain painters. This characteristic was made evident during the recent exhibition of American Pictorial Photography at the Museum of Fine Arts.

Rowena Brownell's landscape "A Pleasant Road" is a good illustration. Her subject is common, a dirt road winding into the distance from a perpendicular presentation, yet it is so much like Turner that it was hard to forget that it was done on paper rather than canvas. The "Going Home" of Herbert Hicks is another illustration. It is a simple village scene, probably in the West Indies; but it is decidedly impressionistic in its treatment of light and shade, its lines and even its subject, and might easily be mistaken for an ink wash by some modern American impressionist.

Some time ago the prediction was made here that the Boston Symphony Orchestra's presentation of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* would be a musical event of major proportions, and that is just what it turned out to be. In fact, the Saturday performance was one of the most effective that this city has ever had the good fortune to hear. Never within recollection of this aged columnist has the *Ninth* been done so eloquently and so expressively. Not in a long time has Beethoven been brought home so fully and so majestically as it was here. If the first movement was great, the last was inspired. The main theme enters gently and moves up to a majestic *fortissimo*, working the listener into a religious frenzy as it reaches the greatest heights ever attained by music. The anti-climactic entrance of the baritone solo brings us back to earth, to see in our minds a high priest summoning the worshippers to the temple. When the quartet and chorus finally do enter, the awe-inspired hearer finds himself in a vast cathedral, with thousands of voices raised in a mighty psalm of joy, exulting in the glory of their Creator. On hearing this symphony, one realizes what it means to be inspired. If man ever did, Beethoven talked with the gods!





There are some who term Sinclair Lewis the greatest living American novelist, and there are others who consider him a pretender to the throne graced by Hawthorne, Clemens, and Howells. Unfortunately, Lewis' new novel, "It Can't Happen Here," isn't going to be very helpful in settling this dispute; for his partisans, and a very determined crew they are, will call this his most important and forceful work, and they won't be wrong, while less fervid readers will point to it as proof of Lewis' superficiality, coarseness and lack of skill as a novelist, and somehow or other they won't be wrong.

"It Can't Happen Here" is not a great novel; nor did Lewis strive to write a work of art. The book lacks a well-developed plot; few of its characters are carefully delineated; the heroine is the usual spunky, energetic, "emancipated woman", and there are passages that might well have been omitted (all of which, of course, must be pardoned in light of the fact that the book was written in six weeks of furious work). On the other hand, "It Can't Happen Here" is one of the most powerful and sincere pieces of political and social

pamphleteering produced in many a day.

There are some people who, befogged in a ridiculous nationalism and what, they feel, is an intense patriotism, deny that anything is particularly wrong with America, who shut their eyes to the possibility of a Fascist regime in this country, and dismiss the thought of revolution as utter impossibility. To these "It Can't Happen Here" will seem a well-timed, hysterical outburst. To others—a majority, I hope—this book will come as a much needed warning: Fascism, with subsequent despotism and anarchy, can happen here—that Lewis proves—and will happen here unless steps of prevention are taken.

Senator Windrip, a *pot-pourri* of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Father Coughlin, and Townsend, with generous flavorings of what was Huey Long—wins the Democratic nomination in 1936 and defeats for the Presidency, by virtue of his 15-point program, Walt Trowbridge, "a man with a touch of Lincoln in him, dashes of Will Rogers and George W. Norris, a suspected trace of "Jim" Farley, but all the rest plain bulky, placidly defiant Walt Trowbridge. Immediately

a reign of terror and tyranny begins. The rest of the book concerns the effects of this sudden metamorphosis of the U. S. A. into a combination of all that is rottenest in Germany, Russia, and Italy on the family and associates of Doremus Jessup, the mild idealist, who edits a small daily in northern Vermont. This is the bare outline of "It Can't Happen Here." Its reasoning, implications and warning it is your duty (I'll put it strongly) to investigate, for, though Lewis places his revolt in 1936, it is far more likely that not until another 15 years have passed will the overthrow occur, and then the burden will be placed firmly on us, who are now the students of the country. Lewis himself offers no solution to the manifold ills but contents himself with remarking, "There's got to be a new feeling—that government is not for a few smart, resolute athletes—but a universal partnership in which the state must own all the resources so large that they affect all members of the State, and in which the one worst crime won't be murder or kidnapping but taking advantage of the state." Yet a solution may be discovered if enough of us are brought to a realization of what really threatens; there's no better road to this vital realization than "It Can't Happen Here." It's one book that really should be read.

* * *

Donald Culross Peattie is a novelist and naturalist; John James Audubon was a naturalist and painter. It was but reasonable, then, to expect Peattie's "Singing in the Wilderness, a Salute to Audubon" to be a thoroughly satisfying book. It is satisfying, in a way, and it is artistic, but some parts of it are so well done that one feels that the whole should be a

lot better than it is. When Peattie writes of nature and of the birds he knows so well, and of Audubon, to whom he feels "uniquely bound", he is superb. But when he tries to create a mood, when he becomes a conscious stylist, and rambles off into what he no doubt considered philosophic speculation, he is tedious and flat. It is a pity that the author wasn't better equipped for his work, for his design was perfect, and only faulty execution, in spots, prevented him from turning out a minor masterpiece. As it is, Peattie has produced a most readable introduction to Audubon, and some very remarkable nature writing.

* * *

The thoroughly American piece of work that Peattie intended his book on Audubon to be, comes instead from the pen of H. L. Davis, in the form of the Harper Prize Novel for 1935. Its title is "Honey in the Horn"; its technical classification is (I'm not too sure) a novel; and it's one of the most enjoyable reading experiences I've had this fall.

"Honey in the Horn" is a portrait, or rather a large mural, of the settlers of Oregon, and their grotesque experiences. Through its hundreds of characters there wind in and out Clay Calvert and Luce, who speaking conventionally, are hero and heroine, and about whom a plot, of sorts, is woven. But the plot doesn't matter particularly. The charm of the book—and it's a very virile charm—lies in Davis's characterization and description, and especially in his language, good sound Americanese, spiced with a picturesqueness and a gusto and a sense of humor that one meets all too rarely.

This is Davis' first full-length book, but there is nothing amateurish

about it. If you enjoy reading it as much as Davis must have enjoyed writing it, you won't forget "Honey in the Horn" very quickly.

* * *

And while I'm on the subject of reading for enjoyment, there's a book of sketches by Clarence Day, called "Life with Father", that ought to keep you, if you're normal, thor-

oughly amused for at least two hours. Clarence Day never had the pleasure of attending Latin School, and consequently Father never had an opportunity to view a report card in red; but that is about the only major crisis in life that Papa Day missed; all the rest Clarence, Jr. has faithfully recorded.

H. W., '36.

LUCK

The fog was low and thick. It was as thick as good English marmalade, he thought. He grinned to himself bitterly and huddled closer inside his threadbare jacket. His feet dragged along in the wet slush. The bridge hadn't yet been cleaned of the first snow of the year. Below and around him he heard the owl-like sirens of slow-moving river boats. Big Ben struck eleven.

He paused close to the iron rail near a hissing street-lamp, and grimly he considered what he was about to do. There was, he reflected with relief, no one to miss him. That's how long his luck had been out. The river police would find him with his arms and legs wound around some thick slimy pier-pile. But if he had a silver coin!

If he had a silver coin, he would not die. The coin would buy him a pot of tea and a slice of bread. Then he would live another day. That, he thought, was not unfortunate: he simply did not have it. And the same belief in the laws of chance that resigned him to his lack of the coin told him that if he had the coin and lived another day, something would break for him. So there was no argument. All bets were off.

He turned around to look at the al-

most deserted bridge — before the long plunge and the black icy water. And it was there—there under the glare of the lamp, and the gleam of it was as brilliant in his eye as the image of Christ in the eyes of Paul. He muttered, "That's better" — and he stepped toward the lamp and put his foot on it. He could feel the wonderful hardness and roundness of it through the worn sole. His thoughts continued almost without change. He thought of the pot of tea and the slice of bread and the break that would come on the morrow.

A red-faced "Bobby", snug in a rain-cape, passed him, and the man grinned at him. The "Bobby" said, "Drunk", and disappeared in the fog. The man stood there until the wet snow cut its icy way to his blood. Then he stooped and picked up the round gleaming piece. It had an inscription: "Good Luck Coin. Eat at Danny's Tap House."

* * *

So the river police found him in the morning when the fog lifted. His arms and legs were wound around a thick slimy pier-pole. Before they sent him to the morgue, they extracted with difficulty a little round token from his clenched fist.

Wilbur Doctor, '36.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Oct. 21—They say there was an assembly of Classes IV, V, and VI; but since we could not learn who was responsible for this rumor, we dare not contradict. We can guess that the young gentlemen (we hope) were warned against whistling, running in the corridors, and studying too hard. (Hm!) . . . A certain stalwart captain was instructed in the manly art of commanding a company by a very dignified elderly lady, but his braves were more interested in several not so elderly ladies who were watching from the sidelines.

Oct. 21—Assembly of upper classes. Ludwin, a lad who tickles a mean ivory, shattered our eardrums with "The Sidewalks of New York" or something. Mr. Powers read the Riot Act, and Mr. Wenners harangued us on the subject of "The Register: Its Functions and Its Aims—One Dollar, Please!" . . . Hallelujah! Allah illahah! Mr. McGuffin has a brand-new stream-lined, plush-lined, free-reeling, no-draft, no-seat, no-motor, no-good auty-mobeel of the vintage of '29. May we extend our deepest sympathies, Mr. McGuffin?

Oct. 13—Several uncouth individuals with shaggy eyes and glassy beards were caught wandering about the corridors today drooling at the mouth. They were candidates for senior offices, and the elections scheduled for today had been postponed.

Oct. 24—A new fad is sweeping the school: many boys are rubbing their eyes with almond oil. Rumor hath it that the Glee Club is to present "The Mikado" and tenor eleven boys are seeking the role of Yo-Yo. A certain gentleman on the Staff has long had his eyes on the part of Quamquam. He tells us that it is imperative that he get it, and it would be indicative of great success for the project if he should.

Oct. 25—What is the Latin School coming to? One youth, wishing to do his part in the weekly entertainment, volunteered his services as a tap-dancer! Speaking of entertainment, why not have Mr. Henderson's imitations of birds? Robins, canaries, vultures, cardinals, and Giants are continually wheeling about the windows, flapping their leathern wings and egging him on. . . Advice to IV B: The secret of success is work, but who wants to know secrets?

Oct. 28—The Debating Club met today, and a constitution was drawn up. Numbers were given out to the members, and President Ober promised striped suits for each and every number by next week. . . Mr. Carroll, the unconscious punster, laid 'em low today; in explaining the horse-and-wagon type of lever, he brought the room to its astonished feet by stating that a horse was a stable body! . . . There was an assembly of Classes I, II, and III. At last we found our place in the hall: it's under the piano.

Oct. 29—The peanut bar crisis in the luncheon has passed, hundreds of calloused hands are healing, and every one is again being informed of his true worth. . . The Senior Class elections were concluded. Congratulations, boys! . . . Heard in Mr. Pierce's room: "I'm famous! I'm going down in history." . . . The report cards came out today like a bolt from the blue, but they weren't; they were red.

Oct. 30—The Latin Club met today to discuss the importance of Latin. It was decided that Caesar, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil were practically illiterate. So that's why we can't understand them!

Oct. 31—Who was the gentleman who suggested the changing of the fifth and sixth periods for the Mechanics game? We didn't miss that test, after all! . . . Among other quaint sights at the game was "Doc" McVey in his cute yellow pants.

Nov. 1—First public declamation was heard by a sympathetic and resigned audience composed of Classes IV, V and VI. As a unique experience, we listened to "The Daffodils." The R. R. R. remembers when he used to deliver "The Landing of the Pilgrims" five times a year under different titles. But those days, alas, are gone forever!

Nov. 3—Lower class assembly. . . . We snuck in somehow, with the aid of a press pass and a peanut bar. There's a little fellow there who bids fair to be a second Bernstein, but we couldn't get his name. . . . The declamation reports were read; shades of bygone days! . . . Mr. Powers warned the tots to come to school fully clothed—in neckties.

Nov. 4—Robb, at the Literary Club, spoke on "The Development of Realism in Russian Literature." He spoke

so eloquently that even the R. R. R. couldn't fall asleep. Ober, the foe of anarchy, proposed a constitution, a five-year plan, and separate cells for each member. . . . The Stamp Club met today. The club has split into rival factions, and a civil war is in prospect. How exciting!

Nov. 5—Meeting of Class I for the consideration of the Year Book, which was finally considered an excellent idea. . . . Voting downstairs for all masters old enough to vote. Mr. Quinn almost missed casting his ballot, but he got there in the Nick of time (Heh! Heh!). . . . Physics Club meeting — electrons, protons, neutrons, dentrons, positrons, and radio-trons were tossed about in wild abandon. We were all saved from becoming physical wrecks by the timely awakening of Mr. Wales. Elections were held: President, Turetzky; Vice-President, Greenberg; Secretary, H. White. . . . Class I Assembly: the seniors were told to "kick in", or else. . . . 'Pon my word—the Chess Club met today!

Nov. 6—Meeting of Class II. Mr. P. Wenners gave a Register "pep" talk. . . . Heard in the wastebasket: "Gross ignorance is one hundred forty-four times as bad as ordinary ignorance."

Nov. 7—Latin played B. C. High today in a most exasperating game. The R. R. R. is so hoarse he can't write anything else. (What's that? None of our foolishness, now!)

Nov. 8—The Register came out—on time! We showed it to our delicatessen man, and he said it might have been wurst. . . . Some one discovered in it the original joke for which Cain killed Abel. . . . Assembly of Classes I, II, III, and IV A. Dr. Frederick J. Gillis, the new Assistant Superin-

tendent of Schools in an Armistice Day talk, astonished the boys by beginning his address with the opening lines of Cicero's "Pro Archia." He would have finished it, too, had not all the Latin teachers joined in the second chorus.

Nov. 12—First Mathematics Club meeting. prospective members were asked to construct an arbitrary asymmetric point locus on a plane between two parallel lines. (For the benefit of those not familiar with higher mathematics, they wrote their names on slips of lined paper.)

Nov. 13—Believe it or not, this actually happened: A teacher had been watching a Fourth Classman standing for many minutes in the phone booth without attempting to call. On inquiring, he learned that the young hopeful had dropped a quarter in the box and was waiting for change! Have you heard Col. Penney's story of the beetle and the old sergeant? If you haven't, you will.

Nov. 14—Football game: Latin vs. Dorchester. We wonder why every one laughs whenever one of those stalwarts kneels down after a kick and smells the ground. At least he has a "nose" for the ball. Incidentally, the stands were startled by the appearance of one (1) female in the Latin cheering section.

Nov. 16—The Photographic Society met today. It used to be the Camera Club, but now they serve tea. Anyway, it's a snap to join.

Nov. 18—Upper Class Assembly: Reinherz at the console, but we were inconsolable. Mr. Powers informed us that pedestrians must not be hit by those driving to school in cars.

Nov. 19—Meeting of Class I in Room 226 today. Oh, beg pardon! It was only the Year Book Committee.

... At the Physics Club, Greenberg, with exactly 7.463 minutes' notice, delivered a very interesting talk on atoms 'n' things. . . This month's mastergram award was given to Mr. McGuffin, who was guilty of this classic: "I'll bet you're so dumb you think Phidias invented the refrigerator." Asked why, he retorted brightly: "Because he made the Parthenon frieze." Come on, masters, send yours in for this month's award, a fur-lined bath tub is certainly not to be sniffed at, nor in, for that matter.

Nov. 24—Literary Club today. No admission. Doctor spoke on "Donn Byrne." . . At last we have something to give thanks for Thanksgiving. (No, it's not a riddle.) Report cards will not be given out until after the holiday. Huzzah and haroo!

Nov. 27—The day before the great game. Several boys packed the hall to overflowing at the rally today, where Bilodeau and Nee spoke. The cheers were reviewed and reshouted by the assembly, under the graceful and swanlike leadership of Gillette, Murphy, and "Nijinsky" Ober. Joseph's copyrighted cheer, "Strike viciously, boys!" was rehearsed with great gusto. . . Please note that the deadline has been passed, but deadlines may come and deadlines may go; but the R. R. R. goes on forever. Bravo!

Nov. 28—Well, we did it. We finally succeeded in persuading E. H. S. to defeat us for a change, just so that it won't look suspicious. But in all seriousness, it was a moral victory, a glorious defeat, and we should have won. The boys certainly deserve one long cheer for the gallant battle they put up. . . The theme song heard all over the stands was: "We ain't got no 'Buddy'!" In case you don't know the score it was: Boston Latin School lost

nothing and gained less, while e. h. s. was rewarded by fate and allowed the insignificant sum of fourteen (14) points. Ho! Hum!... Our worthy end, Joe "Fink", was being substituted so

often that it began to look like a case of "In again, out again, Finklestein." Wotta life! Wotta life! (To be continued).

The Register's Raving Reporter

ALUMNI NOTES

Several members of the class of '35 received scholarships to Boston College. The following boys were recipients of awards given by the M.O.F.: Frank Cuddy, Fred Donovan, John Gaquin, John Henderson, Henry Lyons, William Schultz, and Ed Weafer. Sidney Sulkin and Thomas Love won valuable scholarships to Harvard.

Every year, just prior to the Latin-English game, a great many of the "old grads" come back to pay us a visit. "Ed" Williams, '35, tells us that he is studying at the Penn State College of Optometry. The next time he comes back to pay a visit, he'll probably be known as "Doc". Speaking about "Doc" reminds us to report that "Doc" O'Brien is matriculating at Dartmouth, together with a host of other Latin School boys. "Ike" Sheehan is still attending the Hanover institution, but his athletic career has been hampered by a severe "trick knee."

Several Latin School boys of recent years are gaining reputations in the world of journalism, among whom are Donald Sullivan, "Jerry" Moore, "Will" Cloney and "Wes" Fuller.

George Frazier, '28, has had several articles accepted and published by one of the better-known monthlies.

In our ramblings about the country, we found that "Rud" Hoyer (remember him?) is now down at the Hun School in Princeton, N. J., where he is a member of the football team. He also informed us that he has failed to score a touchdown in but one game, and that ended in a scoreless tie.

In recognition of their high scholastic standing, the following upper-classmen have received scholarships from Harvard College:

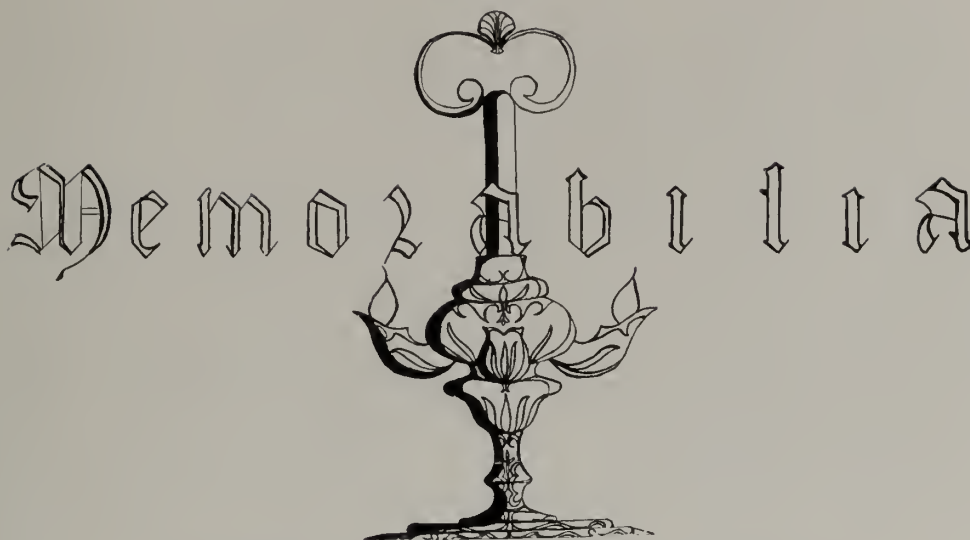
Howard P. Hall, Newton A. Levine, Richard L. Martin, Edward Meilman, Robert D. Sall, Alec Shalink, and Theodore H. White of the Class of 1932.

Ira Chart, Saul G. Cohen, Robert F. Dine, Milton Elkin, Maurice H. Heins, Peter Megalonakis, Nathan Myers, Hubert H. Nexon, Leo Orris and Melvin Richter of the Class of 1933.

Albert Damon, Stanley S. Kanter, Bernard Orkin, and Robert E. Wernick of the Class of 1934.

Allan Joseph, '36.

We regretfully announce the death of
HURAD D. BEDROSIAN, '33
on December 3, 1935, from injuries received
in an automobile accident. Hurad was a
gifted artist and scholar, and his drawings
are still used in the Register. His passing
broke off a bright and brilliant future.



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE REGISTER

November, 1900: "The members of Class I are very skillful chalk-throwers."

"The 'Register' staff has been to the Food Fair; plums are in season from September to June."

"A new departure is to be made this year in regard to public declamations. If Dr. Merrill's plan is to be carried out, we shall have only five of these, and in place of the other two we shall hear, in December and March, debates between the first and second classes. Every encouragement possible will be given this work. In years past, even when we have had no such exercises in the school, graduates have taken high rank as debaters in college, a fact which ought to serve as a spur to our embryo debaters of the first and second classes."

November, 1910: "The suspender button which suddenly popped out of Room 17 during the setting-up exercises one morning last week, will be returned to the owner if he apply at Room 18 and properly identify the same."

Our school has lately been visited by many teachers of other schools. We always like to be visited—especially when we feel pretty sure of our lessons.

November, 1915: "A non-member of this school happened to remark recently: 'Oh, yes, your school is the finest one I know of; but it seems to me, while, of course, I don't know anything about it, that the fellows at Latin School must be an awfully unsociable bunch, because I understand that you haven't a *single club* there.' . . . Of course we of the Latin School know that . . . true friendship consists of more than noisy avowals of 'sociability' and 'club spirit'. . . . The 'Register' has spoken." . . . From the "School Notes": "Kunzer's vocabularies of Latin and Greek authors should be in the hands of every boy in the school.—*Adv.*"

November, 1920: "The ravings of an insane History pupil:

"Oh! Why in History must we grind
Until we feel we're going blind?

Why must we dig into the past
Until of breaths we breathe our last?

I think it is a plaguing thing
 To learn the name of every king,
 And everything that's ever been done
 Ever since the world's begun.
 To hear your history teacher say,
 'You'll find it pleasant every day
 Of history books to read a score,
 (If you have time, why read some
 more).'

Then locate on the map with care,
 A little burg that isn't there,
 And trace migrations left and right
 Until you feel fit for a fight.
 We have no time to 'hit the hay'.
 I hope that after I am dead,

They'll place a tombstone at my head,
 On which they'll write in letters bold,
 'He never wanted his history told'."

Nov., 1925: An advertisement:

LOST

STRAYED or STOLEN

The Latin School Spirit

Finder will please treat it gently
 when found, as it is very fragile and
 tender.

Return to Boston Latin School,
 Louis Pasteur Avenue, and receive
 large reward that has been offered
 for its recovery.

Leonard S. Burkat, '36

DEUS EX MACHINA

In the very centre of the orchestras of some ancient Greek theatres there were recently discovered mysterious tunnels leading to a point behind the early scenery. These were doubtless used originally as mere drainage canals, necessary because Greek theatres were built with only the sky for a roof. However, narrow sidewalks within some tunnels, above the water-line, seem to prove the contention of some scholars that it was by this subterranean route that the god, so often necessary to extricate the hapless protagonist in a Greek play, traveled to the point in the orchestra whence he might "marvelously" appear before the delighted audience.

Similarly hidden from the eyes of spectators, yet far more necessary to the existence of "The Register" than was the ancient "deus ex machina" to the Greek play, the members of the business, advertising, and circulation departments of your school paper toil long and often for results that make possible publication of the work of the literary staff.

In simple justice, we take this occasion to thank those whose names seldom appear in print, and whose very numbers make impossible their inclusion on the staff list each month. For this once, at least, they appear, not as gods no doubt, but certainly as those who help the protagonists to the happy ending of the play.

The Business Staff includes the Business Manager, H. A. Soble, 334; and R. Bavley, 211, who also serves capably on the Advertising Staff. The Advertising Manager, W. I. Moshenberg, 311, is also greatly assisted by E. I. Snider, 203, C. Mulcahy, 118; M. Bloom, 204, S. S. Firestone, 232, W. Winn, 118, S. Waldman, 311, J. A. Rizzo, 118, H. Berman, 304, and H. Cincotti, 334. The revenue gained from advertising so far this year is due to the persevering efforts of these boys.

The increase of more than thirty per cent in the circulation of "The Register" this year is due in no small degree to the careful supervision of the annual "drive" by L. Tobin, 334, Circulation Manager; A. B. Hite, 304, Assistant Circulation Manager; and their corps of assistants, C. A. Kaplan, 303; L. I. Levine, 302; W. H. Taylor, 302; A. H. Swanson, 234; S. Zusman, 234; J. Schulman, 234; S. Hahn, 234; S. Gale, 202; M. Snyder, 208; M. Cooper, 219; and A. M. Silver, 209.

Snider, Waldman and Firestone of the Advertising Staff have also, worked in the Circulation Department. Many other boys of the lower classes have generously offered their services, and while it has not been possible thus far to accept them, many will find places on the staff later in the year.

Serving "The Register" through their work as Room Reporters, the following boys have been of great help in building up our circulation: E. Beglen, 102; J. O'Meara, 103; J. Bottomley, 104; S. Magazine, 106; F. Romskas, 107; S. Hurovitz, 108; E. E. Beacham, 114; E. Mullin and T. G. Stuart, 115; A. Murphy, 116; R. Stiles, 118; G. Barresi, 119; L. Penn, 120; H. Caro, 121; J. Gouse, 122; D. Freedman, 123; A. Reid, 124; F. Stokes, 130; G. McLean, 131; H. Aronson, 132; J. Crehan, 133; C. Fiske, 134; R. O'Brien, 135; J. Lynch, 201; A. Tenenbaum, 202; E. I. Snider, 203; R. Nowlin, 204; F. Nolan, 207; M. Snyder, 208; G. M. Weinstein, 210; R. Bavley, 211; R. Mezer, 214; P. Giallongo, 215; A. W. Arlock, 216; L. Bonner, 217, now 322; W. Abbott, 218; M. J. Cooper, 219; S. Schwartz, 220; A. Neustadt, 221; F. Weinfeld, 222; C. Regan, 223; J. Gallagher, 224; W. Robinson, 225; A. Fitzgerald, 228; E. Shields, 229; W.

Maguire, 230; E. Driver, 231; S. S. Firestone, 232; R. Thomas, 233; A. Swanson, 234; J. J. Gibbons, 235; F. Gillis, 301; W. Taylor, 302; E. J. Fallon, 303; E. Berkovitz, 304; S. E. Rosenfeld, 306; S. Waldman, 311; E. Burns, 318; H. Zimmerman of class formerly in 322; R. Ryan, 323; M. Yavner, 324; M. Carroll, 325; T. Sullivan, 328; G. Crowley, 329; S. Lesberg, 330; W. Sykes, 331; W. Abbott, 332; G. M. Haliburton, 334; A. Cantor, 335.

Surely, to all these boys, who work for no material reward whatever, all the other boys, who reap the benefits of their efforts in the form of a better publication, owe at least fullest co-operation. To a great degree this has been given; it is to be hoped that the few rooms which have shown little "Latin School spirit" thus far, will join the vast majority and help the business staff to make it possible for the literary staff to produce this year the finest "Register" and Year Book the school has ever had.

P. J. W., '19.

WINTER SUNSET

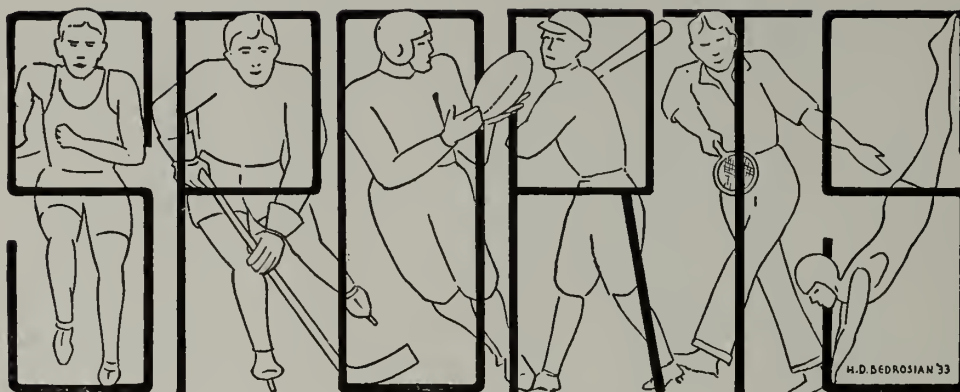
There is no light in the setting sun
When the day grows old;
On the mountainside the night falls
fast
With damp and cold.

Weird figures play on the pallid peaks
In the scarlet mist,
And shadows stalk on the frosted
hills
That the stars have kissed.

Wild whispers echo along the crags
In a monotone,
And the echos travel a wind-swept
path
To the Great Unknown.

Hail! Comes the night with boisterous
breath
To snuff the spark!
The sunset fades to a fitful death
And melts in the dark.

Arthur Cantor, '36



THE MECHANICS GAME

On Thursday, the last day of October, Latin School met Mechanics on the gridiron at Fenway Park. The showing the team made was a great disappointment to those who saw it whip Memorial in a much more decisive fashion two weeks previous.

Latin kicked off to Mechanics, and a lateral pass, Calarese to Calabrese, carried the ball almost to mid-field. They lost possession of the pigskin after making a first down, however, when Elmer Crehan gathered in a loose ball. Immediately, Latin School started to go to town, but the attack came to grief on the opponents' six-inch line when a fumble was recovered by Malski, left end for the Artisans.

Then "Doc" McVey lugged the ball right back to their 16-yard line on a neat return of a punt. A well-conceived, well-executed pass, Gorman to Crehan, netted a touchdown. The at-

tempt at conversion was ruined by a fumble.

Near the end of the second period Mechanics appeared to be "going to town" until Gorman intercepted one of their numerous forward passes and raced eighty yards behind a wall of interferers for a score. A pass, McVey to Fink, gave us the thirteenth point.

In the third quarter, against our second team, Mechanics flooded the air with passes. A clipping penalty nullified a 73-yard touchdown run, and the ball went into play on the Latin 27-yard line. A flock of passes carried them deep into our territory and a pass, Calabrese to Safallo, gave them a well-deserved touchdown.

In the last quarter, Mechanics continued their air barrage, but were unable to break a receiver into the clear, and the game ended with the score standing Latin 13; Mechanics 6.

Allan J. Joseph, '36.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH, 19; LATIN SCHOOL 13

In a game replete with thrills, that was not decided until the dying moments of the last period, a hard-driving Boston College High School

eleven shattered the fond hopes of an equally courageous Latin School club for an undefeated season when it set back our gridsters by the score of 19-

13 at Fenway Park on Thursday, November 7.

Latin went into action first, kicking off to the Eaglets, who could not advance the ball and punted. The kick was poor and carried to the B. C. H. "30". Here was the first break for Latin School, but the St. James Street boys held for downs and took the ball on their own 21-yard line. On the following play, Dacey and Histen broke through to block Collins' attempted kick, O'Donnell recovering for Latin on the "15". "Jake" Murphy picked up six yards, and Gorman tossed to Finkelstein for the remaining nine yards and a touchdown. Bjorklund crashed through center for the point after to put Latin out front, 7-0.

Latin kicked off and Stickle punted back to the Purple "40". A poor kick gave the McManus men the ball on the Latin 45-yard marker. Collins and Flaherty made it a first down on the B. L. S. "30". Collins tossed the first of his aerial bombs, and Anderson landed on the Latin 10-yard line. Another pass, Collins to Flaherty, picked up 10 yards to give B. C. H. a touchdown. Flaherty pumped the equalizing point after through the uprights to make the score 7-7. B. C. H. kicked off, and the Purple backs carried the ball back to midfield. Interference was called on a Latin kick, giving the Purple the ball on the Eaglet's "15". Three line smashes moved the ovoid up to the 3-yard line, from which point McVey sliced off tackle for the

second touchdown. The try for the point after was wide of the mark, and Latin led 13-7 as the half ended.

After an exchange of punts early in the third period, B. C. H., starting from the Latin 40-yard line, hammered through for four first downs and a touchdown to tie the game once more. Collins missed the point after, and the score remained 13-13. The Purple elected to kick off, and Stickle ran the kick back to his own "35". On the next play Stickle sliced off tackle, cut sharply, and broke into the clear to be pulled down on the Purple 30-yard line. The McManus clan then opened up with abandon, featuring Collins and Flaherty in a beautiful passing attack, which set the ball on the Latin 2-yard line as the period ended.

Flaherty went over for the touchdown on the first play of the fourth period to put B. C. H. out front, 19-13. Not the least bit discouraged at the sudden change of events, the Fitzgerald men uncorked a sustained 80-yard march, which included some brilliant running by "Brodde" Bjorklund, and accurate passing by Harry Gorman, to bring the ball to the Eaglet 4-yard line. All hopes of victory faded when a pass was grounded in the end-zone, thus giving the intown boys the pigskin on their own 20-yard line. The game ended shortly after, with the ball on the B. C. H. "25" in their possession.

James M. Kean, '36.

B. L. S., 7—DORCHESTER, 6

The Boston Latin gridsters eked out a close victory over the Dorchester high eleven. One of the largest crowds of the year saw the Purple wave romp quickly to the first score.

After a series of short rushes to the 32-yard Dorchester stripe, Gorman tossed a short pass to "Jack" Beatty, who reached the 12-yard line before he was downed. In short order

"Brodde" Bjorklund smashed through for a touchdown and also what later proved to be the decisive point of the game. Before the end of the quarter Dorchester seriously threatened the Purple goal-line, but was thwarted when the alert Gorman intercepted a pass on the Latin 8-yard line. In the second quarter Dorchester came close to a score, but a fumble on the 6-yard line, recovered by Keyes, rescued Latin.

Shortly after the second half was underway, a Latin kick was blocked and recovered by Dorchester on the 7-yard Purple stripe. An off-tackle play, with McHugh carrying the ball, netted Dorchester 6 points, but an attempt for a goal after touchdown proved futile, for, after several more minutes of hard-fought play, Boston Latin was found at the top of the heap with 7 points against their opponents' six.

Capt. Tully, Dacey, and Histen featured as the shining lights of Latin's forward wall. . . . Did you see McVey's golden pants? Though the day was cloudy, our quarterback's pants seemed to illuminate the entire field. . . Headmaster Powers dropped in with Mr. Levine to see how the city champions were faring. . . . Latin's pass defense is improving. Only two of twelve Dorchester passes were completed. Two were intercepted.

	B.L.S.	Dor.
Yards gained by rushing	115	86
Punts (average)	30	28
First downs	6	5
Passes attempted	6	12
Passes completed	2	2
Yards gained by passing	45	24
Passes incompletd	3	8
Yards lost by penalties..	12	20
Fumbles	3	2
Own fumbles recovered..	0	0
Opp. fumbles recovered....	2	3
Kicks blocked by.....	0	1

B. L. S., 18—COMMERCE, 0

Rolling along the rocky road that eventually leads to the City Title, an ever-improving Latin School club turned back a surprisingly strong Commerce eleven 18-0 on Thursday, November 21, at Fenway Park.

The Commerce forward wall rose to its greatest heights of the season, and only for the outstanding work of Lich, McCarthy, and McGrath, Commerce linemen, the score would have been doubled.

The first two periods were evenly contested, and the teams left the field at the half, with the score standing 4-0 in favor of Latin, due to the sensational work of "Bill" Histen, who blocked three Commerce punts, two of which went for safeties. The first

score came when Little, Commerce quarterback, attempted to kick from his own 5-yard line. Histen broke through, and the ball bounced off his chest, bounding over the end zone for an automatic safety. Commerce elected to kick, and McVey returned the ball 15 yards to midfield. Two line plays failed to gain, and McVey kicked, the ball going for a touchdown. Commerce put the ball in play on its own "20", and Little tried to kick on first down. Again Histen came smashing through, and once more the ball went bouncing over the Commerce goal line, Little recovering and Latin adding two more points to its total to bring the score to 4-0 in the Purple's favor. The ball moved back



E. H. S. 14—B. L. S. 0



(Purdy)

and forth between the 30-yard stripes for the remainder of the half.

In the third period the Purple machine started rolling and had reached the Commerce 10-yard marker when a fumble marred its chances to score. This time Little succeeded in getting off his kick out to the 40-yard stripe. "Bill" Murphy got back 10 yards to the "37", and Bjorklund went on to the "30". McVey sliced off tackle for a first down to the Commerce 20-yard marker, and Murphy and Bjorklund moved the pigskin up to the "5" as the period ended.

On the second play of the fourth period, Bjorklund went through guard for a touchdown and then rushed the point after to put the Purple out front, 11-0. Latin kicked off, and Grange ran the ball in to his 34-yard line. Two plays lost 15 yards, and Little went back to kick. This time Dacey put his chest in front of

the luckless Little's foot. Crehan recovered the ball on the Commerce 10-yard line, and Bjorklund pounded over for the score after he and McVey had moved the pigskin up to the 3-yard line. The referee's whistle sounded after this score, and Latin had conquered one more rival.

	B.L.S.	Com.
Yards gained by rushing	120	60
First downs	8	6
Passes attempted	3	7
Passes completed	0	2
Total yards gained by passing.....	0	26
Passes incompletd	2	3
Passes intercepted	2	1
Punt average	30	28
Penalties	5	1
Yards lost by penalties....	35	5
Kicks blocked	4	0
Fumbles	2	3
Own fumbles recovered..	0	1
Opp. fumbles recovered..	2	2

James M. Kean, '36.

THE ENGLISH FRAY

On Thanksgiving day Latin School's "Fighting Irish" were forced to accept defeat from an E. H. S. team which was superior in everything except intestinal fortitude. After English had pushed across a tally in the middle of the first period, the valiant Purple standard-bearers, playing inspired defensive football under the leadership of Capt. Tully, repelled repeatedly the scoring threats of our opponents, and it was not until the closing moments of the game that the Blue and Blue were able to score the touchdown which "put the game on ice."

After battling on even terms for half of the first period, Latin School was thrown back on its heels when

Bjorklund fumbled on his own 20-yard line. Leahy and T. Powers made nine yards on two rushes. Then a successful English forward pass carried the ball to the two-yard line, from which point T. Powers smashed his way over for the touchdown. Mantos kicked the extra point. After this score the Latin School defense was remarkable; the players were tackling with that decisiveness which is so necessary, and the secondary was continually coming up to give valuable assistance. The offense, however, could make no headway against the sterling E. H. S. line.

The second period was featured chiefly by Gorman's fine punting. In the early part of this stanza he punt-

ed off-side at the Blue's six-yard line. Leahy tried to rush the ball on first down, but was smothered by the whole Latin line. He punted out to McVey at the thirty-yard line, and Latin took possession of the ball inside the opponent's thirty-yard marker for the first time in the game. On the first play, however, English regained possession of the ball when Leahy intercepted a pass from Gorman intended for Finkelstein. Thus Latin's first opportunity to score an all-important touchdown was lost.

English received the kick-off when the teams came back on the field for the second half. A lateral, Leahy to Costello, carried the ball deep into Latin territory to the "15". Here the Purple line stiffened and would not concede an inch. On fourth down Mantos, the finest schoolboy placement kicker in the city, tried one of his specialties from a difficult angle, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and the ball bounded crazily off-side at the one-yard line.

Gorman punted out of danger to the 35-yard stripe. The Blue and Blue struck back with renewed vigor and threatened again. A pass, Leahy to Ahearn, netted a first down on the five-yard stripe, where Latin gained possession of the ball after having held for four downs. Leahy returned Gorman's next punt to our "45", from which point a successful forward pass carried the ball to the nineteen-yard line. Two rushes gave English first down on the nine-yard line as the third period ended. The Purple grid-ders showed remarkable pluck in

again repulsing the attack.

English was not to be denied, however, and a successful pass netted them a first down on the "15", from which point they roared over for a touchdown in two plays. Mantos again converted, and the score became English 14, Latin 0. In the closing minutes of the game several desperate aerials carried the ball deep into the opponents' territory. The team seemed destined to score when Walsh's pass to Bjorklund netted us a first down on the ten-yard line, but at this point the referee's whistle closed this year's chapter of the glorious grid-iron history of our great rivalry with English High School.

Although the team was forced to accept defeat, it must be accredited as one of the "fightinest" aggregations that ever represented the school. Great credit is due Coach Fitzgerald, Capt. Tully, and every member of the squad for their fine performance.

Allan J. Joseph, '36.

* * * * *

Latin-English Statistics

	Latin English	
Yards gained by rushing	65	100
First downs	8	8
Passes attempted	11	11
Passes completed	4	7
Passes incompletd	6	3
Yards gained by passing	82	170
Passes intercepted	1	1
Punt average	30	30
Fumbles	1	0
Own fumbles recovered..	0	0
Yards lost by penalties....	10	10

Compiled by Henry Pfau, '37.

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Stage Hand: "Say, what do you think I am—a rabbit?"

Wife: "Henry, this is my cousin, twice removed." Captain (frenziedly): "All hands on deck; the ship's leaking!"

Hubby: "Well, remove him again." Sleepy Voice (from the hold): "Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed."

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